

went last week to a creek with a child about year old, and there drowned herself and the child. The supposed cause of the fatal act is an insult received some time since from a rowdy, which derided her partially deranged.

**Letter from Carroll County.**

CARROLLTON, KY., August 17, 1852

MESSRS. EDITORS: I am here in this quiet pleasant village, filled to overflowing with beautiful and lovable young ladies. I have here of Carrollton, and the fair flowers that were so dear to her, often before these walls, but never before I seen the like. With such a crowd of beauties "That not half has been told,"

The Democrats of this county all wear blue faces. They have fallen, but with their faces to the enemy. Though their bodies have been pierced with the midnight assassin's knife, still the love of democracy not liveth, and will live on.

generation – generation, and fore or more. . . . Kentucky – poor benighted Kentucky – is now covered all over with darkness, yet democratic shineth all around Kentucky. From this Virginia is throwing her warm and brilliant into the very bosom of Kentucky: North Carolina in the southeast, now the bright and never-fading star of Democracy, with genial and complaisant smiles, beckons her to light and reason: Tennessee, too, flickers in the south and southwest. The north is Indiana – dark and gloomy Indiana, Indiana, the now fit haunt of owls and bats – withstanding Indiana will be *Bright*! Yes, Kentucky, too, will burst into light, and the hideous features of the Know-Nothing bird (the owl) will be exposed, and the bird of day, the proud

from his upstart, the tall, *gorgeous* apparition of the "angel" of the "new era," the "angel" of the "new era," and by one flap of his *divine* wings, *send* *hosting* to his sink-hole and cavern the "night of night, and force in his wake the sweet zephyr of civil, religious, and political liberty, and no one shrill cry to his God—the eternal Jehovah—of the forked lightning will be forced to purge the political elements of every no-politico—Nothing vapor that is now poisoning the political atmosphere—and then will come the cleansing rain, to wash the blood-stained soil of Kentucky clean and clear of innocent blood. This of Virginia's democratic sun will rise up in the air in its resplendent beauty, with its dazzling, gaudy rays dispel the cloud, and cast a healthy brightness throughout the political firmament.

[illegible]

his wife unbroken. Some time after his return to Coldwater, Kennedy discovered that the couple had been having an affair. Kennedy was angry, but was reconciled to his wife on obtaining her and Poken an oath that they would never see each other again.

After Kennedy learned that his wife had been writing to Poken, and succeeded in intercepting one of them, which made an appointment with him that he would meet again at Coldwater on Tuesday evening, Kennedy arranged to be at home. Poken had arrived at Coldwater, was observed by Kennedy, and he saw that Poken was carrying a copy of the navy rule in his hand, attached to a piece of string. Kennedy went out and asked what he wanted. Poken replied that he had come to see Kennedy and that he had a letter for him, and that he had a right to be there. An altercation ensued between them, and Poken hit Kennedy on the head with the rule. Kennedy returned to his room and drew a double-barreled, rooster-tooth

On a few s's, fired, but did not hit. Poken, then advanced threateningly upon him. Kennedy then fired, hitting Poken in the chest and the other barrel, wounding Poken fatally in breast. The unhappy man died next morning. The coroner's inquest terminated in a verdict justifiable homicide. *Terronto Globe*, Nov. 10, 1900.

they made their escape, and were followed to county where, after a stout resistance, they were captured. They were then taken to the jail committed to the jail of Westernmost county; the jail not being suitable to be held, they were taken to be removed to the jail in Pittsburg where they were held for some time. They were finally permitted to remain until next Court. The unfinished cell, on their paying all expenses of their confinement, were released as a free and able and unfeeling citizen. — *Pitts. Post*, Feb. 10, 1892.

very heart of them, excepting the little boy who, not liking the soup, refused to partake of it. The mother, however, was not to be dissuaded; she said: "I will give you a sick" (excepting the little boy, and in a healthy and precarious state. Physicians were called, who did not know what to do; and the mother, who was not without partial success; for on Wednesday the little girl died in terrible fits and convulsions. The parents are lying in a very precarious and dangerous state. The mother is now in a very precarious state. It seems that the family had mistaken a poisonous species of toadstool for the kind of mushroom commonly eaten.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

brought him in Messrs. Sweetser & Norton's store where he told his simple story. He said that he had been in the army for many years and speaks Spanish fluently. With the noble generosity of a true sailor, Capt. Sweetser gave the shipwrecked man a room at the hotel, and a day's pay for his passage money and the balance of his wages. Capt. Sweetser's conduct is the story of a warm-hearted sailor, and he firmly believes that the captain of every ship should be at \$27 to relieve a fellow sailor in distress. The good man who received it. Boston Herald.

he held in his hand took fire, burning him  
ingly, both externally and internally. He  
conveyed to the hospital, where he died abo  
o'clock in the afternoon. He was a single  
about twenty-eight years old, and has a mot  
siding in East Kingston, N. H., and a brother  
is a conductor on the Maine Railroad.

*Boston Transcript,*

THE GREAT CITY OF THE WEST.—The  
of Chicago has just been taken. The  
population is 87,500; last November it was  
—increased in seven months 27,000. The  
of new buildings erected during the past  
2,000; many of them of the first class. There  
now 138 vessels belonging to that port.

**ICE!! ICE!! ICE!!!** FA  
and Steamboats supplied with a prime  
River Ice, by calling at the subscriber's office  
of Third, second door from the corner of  
led by Capt. George Harty.  
Prompt attention is given to supplying  
(see) (see) (see)











